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— Victor C. Ferkiss

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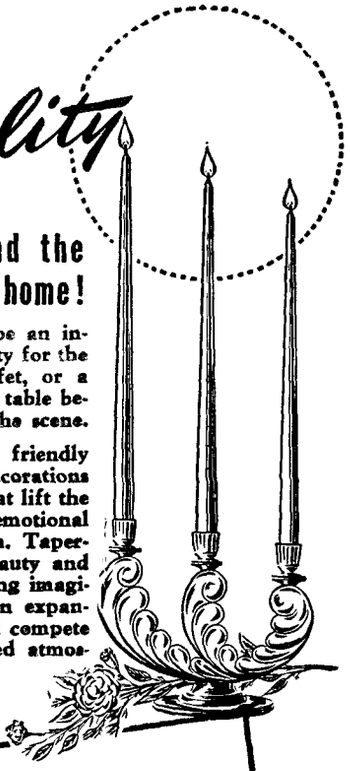

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Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
PHILIP SCHARPER

Contributing Editors
PHILIP BURNHAM
JOHN C. CORT
ANNE FREMANTLE
PHILIP T. HARTUNG
RICHARD HAYES

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

FATE OF FOREIGN AID

THE ADMINISTRATION'S failure to get from Congress a foreign aid bill of the type and scope it wished is, in our opinion, cause for regret. It should, however, lead the Administration to a little self-examination, for the defeat of the foreign aid bill must be charged more to the White House and the State Department than to Capitol Hill.

The Administration has failed, first of all, to admit to the people of this country that Russia, for some time now, has been controlling the thermostat in the cold war, and that every change of temperature is intended to make the West less comfortable. Instead of talking grim realities to a complacent people, the most eminent spokesmen for the Administration, when discussing the world situation, have simply rung changes on the Republican campaign slogan of "Peace and Prosperity."

Thus, in February, Secretary Dulles told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that Russia was making very little progress in the Middle East, despite the fact that the whole area was ready to burst into flames as a result of the shipment of Czech arms to Egypt. Six months after Mr. Dulles' "no progress report," the U.S. finds itself committed to seek peace in the Middle East through the UN, where Russia can obstruct any peace gambit by collaborating with the Arab bloc. Arab leaders, such as Premier Nasser of Egypt and the Syrian Ambassador Farid Zeineddine, have begun to speak to the U.S. in chilly terms, and have "warned" us against taking sides in the French-Algerian and the Arab-Israeli crises. (This Arab reaction shows little appreciation for the Administration's ability to seem to take both sides of an issue at once, due to its semantic difficulties with such words as "colonialism" and "neutralism.")

In view of circumstances such as these, it hardly helped the electorate to get a realistic picture of the world of 1956 when Secretary Dulles insisted that the foreign policy of the Kremlin was "bankrupt," and President Eisenhower called international Communism a failure. Again, the President was somewhat less than helpful when he declared, only a few weeks ago, that the prestige of the United States throughout the world was never higher than it is at present.

FRANKLY, we do not know just what world Mr. Eisenhower was talking about. The current impasse over the reunification of Germany has certainly added nothing to the prestige of the United States, nor has our network of military alliances. The Russian campaign of "peaceful coexistence" has chipped away much of the mortar holding NATO together. The Baghdad Pact, which the U.S. conceived but did not join, has served to alienate the Arabs from us, and yet makes Britain resentful that we have left her holding the pact. SEATO, because it is still basically a military alliance, draws suspicious glances from the uncommitted countries of Southeast Asia, even though the haphazard joint maneuvers of SEATO forces several months ago clearly showed that it is an almost toothless tiger.

It is of some comfort to realize that both President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles, in all probability, are fully aware that Russian policy is not bankrupt, and that American prestige has declined sharply. If, then, they and other Administration spokesmen break out with optimism when in the presence of a microphone, it is only because this is an election year. As a piece of domestic politicking, such strenuous optimism seems to have

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been effective; most political observers agree that the Democrats will have a very hard time making a live issue out of the Administration's conduct of foreign affairs. There is no hot war, we are winning the cold one, the budget is balanced, and the National League pennant race is the tightest in years.

The irony is that the Administration's strategy has been too successful. Senators and Congressmen have reported that their constituents have been writing in surprising numbers against the Administration's foreign aid bill, and legislators up for reelection this November are hardly likely to jeopardize their political futures by voting five billion dollars to combat world Communism when the President and Secretary of State have judged it "bankrupt" and a "failure."

Even such stalwart internationalists as Senators Mansfield, Fulbright, Morse and Humphrey have failed to support the Administration's plea for an expanded foreign aid budget, not only because it scants economic aid in favor of military, but also because support of the Administration's budget has been made extremely difficult due to the Administration's official optimism in presenting its foreign policy to the people.

President Eisenhower has declared that the Republican Party is the party of "people and principles." The fact that he seems sincerely to believe this makes it the more tragic that, as spokesman for that Party, he did not use the full strength of his leadership in good time to point out to the people that five billion dollars—approximately one per cent of the national income—was little enough to pay for security for ourselves and our allies. He might also have pointed out that justice—not charity—compels the wealthiest nation in history to share its abundance with the one-third of the world which is still struggling for full humanity against the enemies of poverty, ignorance and disease.

NEXT WEEK

ANTHONY J. PAREL writes about the neutrality of Mr. Nehru, who is about to arrive in the United States.

"In what sense is Nehru neutral? He is strictly neutral in the cold war between 'Westism' and Sovietism, and definitely unneutral ideologically, that is, in the struggle between Democracy and Totalitarianism."

SOARING CAMPAIGN COSTS

WHETHER President Eisenhower plans to run for reelection or not, television will have even more of a key role in this year's campaign. The thirty-six million American families that now have sets represent the bulk of the electorate. Perhaps up to now the major consideration was for radio and TV stations to allot equal time for rival candidates if they should request it. Lately there has been increasing anxiety about financing electoral, and especially Presidential, campaigns in view of the high cost of TV time.

Senator Magnuson (Dem.) of Washington has expressed the fear that the financial disparity between the Republican and Democratic parties is now so great as to give the former an insuperable advantage. With a single half-hour coast-to-coast costing in the tens of thousands, such concern is understandable. And assuredly, despite differences in financial resources in the past, it would be singularly inappropriate for the candidate with the marked edge in TV time invariably to emerge as the winner in our national elections.

Various means of setting up some sort of balance are in the study stage. One of the most fruitful results of such study would be a reexamination of our present general system of campaign contributions. Are the limits for maximum contributions low enough, the restrictions on various institutional donations too broad or too narrow, the requirements for publication adequate? TV does present a special problem for a number of reasons, but it would seem that the more general problem of feasible means of meeting the substantial expenses of seeking office in our political system also needs to be worked out in the common interest.

THE SUPREME COURT

IT WAS inevitable that several recent decisions of the Supreme Court such as those on the desegregation of public schools and the removal of anti-sedition powers from individual states would arouse the ire and vengeful action of certain groups throughout the country.

Protests against these and other decisions of the Court have been vigorous, and, in a democracy, such protests are to be expected and even welcomed; the justices often differ very vigorously among themselves, and it would be a strange and foreboding day if every decision rendered by the Court were to represent the unanimous verdict of the

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nine justices, and were to be received with a complete and docile silence by the citizenry.

Some of the recent protests against the Court, however, have been not only vigorous, but violent, and have led to proposals that, in their blindness to other consequences, are intended to strike only at certain justices or to curb the power of the Court in a sensitive area.

Illustrative of these vindictive proposals is that recent suggestion that no justice be appointed to the Supreme Court unless he had had at least five years' prior judicial service. This proposal seems obviously aimed at Chief Justice Warren, who has drawn the fire of certain right-wing elements. It is instructive to note that such a proposal, aimed at a specific man because of a decision unpopular with certain groups, would have kept from the Supreme Court such towering figures in its history as Chief Justice Marshall, Chief Justice Hughes and Justice Brandeis. This fact suggests that, where the Supreme Court is concerned, partisan ire produces an atmosphere in which intelligent and progressive discussion is impossible.

THE PLACE OF THE INTELLECTUAL

WITH INCREASING frequency we read that the intellectual in America has been assigned a new role. We are told that where debates once centered on "the plight of the intellectual" and aroused heated controversy, they now turn on "the place of the intellectual" and tend to end in general agreement. Whether critic, creator, or analyst, the intellectual has become a participant in the American Dream. He no longer stands, alienated, outside of his society to criticize it; he is now a full-fledged member and celebrates it. This, at least, is the argument which seems to be the new orthodoxy and, within the course of one week, several leading magazines have done their best to buttress it.

The most developed statement of this position was *Time* magazine's cover-story on the present reconciliation between America and her intellectuals. While the magazine said that no American intellectual could be considered typical of all, it found that Jacques Barzun fairly represented the growing number who acknowledged the reconciliation. From his numerous eulogies of America and paeans of praise, they culled several statements which indicate the basis of Mr. Barzun's judgment. After World War II, Mr. Barzun said, "it was no disgrace, no provincialism, to accept and admire it . . . America . . . was quite simply *the* world power, which means: the center of world awareness: it was Europe that was provincial." And, although he stated that ideas are still distrusted in this world power, the men who have them have "won recognition in tangible ways beyond any previous group of their peers." Further, those who still criticize America are outmoded. They have forgotten that the true creator should "make us understand or endure life better."

Mr. Barzun said that the intellectual today has little cause to complain, for he has numerous backers. Among the backers with whom the intellectual should be pleased he listed "the museums of modern art, the foundation patronage, the universities eager to be baffled, and the leagues of women armed with print to defend this or that 'ism.'" For both Mr. Barzun and *Time*, the proper place for the intellectual was clearly in the center of the American Dream.

What *Time* did for the intellectual, a *Life* editorial attempted to do for the novelist. The editorial writer returned to a previous contention that "our current fiction wasn't speaking for the country; that it was gloomier, more sordid, and less 'affirmative' than befits the most successful society in human history." The criticism provoked by this sentiment had stirred the editorial mind to several additional reflections: "Maybe America can only be rendered in vignettes." A recent short story "said so much in so few words it almost proved the novel obsolete." "We note that the better the writer the less likely he is to complain of his environment." The editorial, it is clear, shows little concern for the novel as a work of art. But for the novelist, the advice was clear: don't complain, don't be sordid or gloomy. If our literature is to conform to the true picture of our society, it must be affirmative.

We could dismiss such advice and the picture of an intellectual happy to baffle universities and speak before defenders of various "isms" as mere silliness of mind if we did not think that such views may obscure some harsh realities. Let us consider the schools where most intellectuals continue to receive their training.

In a time of political stress the number of political organizations on campuses has continued to dwindle. The students are less willing to engage in any real criticism of political parties. The little magazines which were the training ground for many of our leading thinkers and writers have disappeared, and they have failed to be replaced. Contrary to the usual situation, the student is less radical and less critical than his instructors. In other

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words, he shows little of the critical, if often misguided, independence of the traditional student.

The pressures of our society urge this conformity upon the student. His need is measured in terms of the shortages developed by the cold war, and he is persuaded to become an engineer, scientist, or business major by high salaries and tactful wooing. In a recent article, *Newsweek* reported that even liberal arts graduates are caught up by large business and industries.

Mr. Barzun, it is clear, is at least partially correct. The intellectual will receive tangible rewards if he participates in the American Dream and tells its glories to the world. But, while we do not regard the virtues of our society lightly and we believe that we have much to offer other countries, we do not wish to see the intellectual as the man in the gray flannel suit. There is an American reality as well as an American Dream, and this still needs the detached criticism of the intellectual.

"WORSHIP AND WORK"

IN THE DAYS of its youth in the Dark Ages, the venerable Order of St. Benedict helped keep alight the flickering fires of Western civilization. The Roman Empire had collapsed and chaos reigned. The monasteries of Europe carefully preserved and laboriously copied out the priceless texts of our cultural and religious heritage. At the same time they showed their contemporaries how to clear and till the land in order to build up a material base for an ordered human existence.

During the nineteenth century the Benedictines experienced a remarkable revival and expansion which persist to this day. In Europe and America they have been confronting a society whose essential unity was broken into fragments by the sixteenth century Protestant Revolt and which was yet further weakened by the Industrial Revolution's creation of a rootless, urban proletariat. To fulfill their appointed task in the spirit of their common Rule under these conditions has presented the world's various autonomous Benedictine communities with a new challenge.

This could hardly be better exemplified than by the first hundred years, just completed, of St. John's Abbey of Collegeville, Minn. Its tasks have varied and expanded at each stage. The founding Bavarian Benedictines had first to establish the monastic life of prayer in common in the Minnesota wilderness (as they likewise did concurrently at Latrobe, Pa. and Atchison, Kansas). The extent to which they ministered to the needs of the American frontier from the outset is attested by the few years required for them to receive an independent status from Rome. The degree to which these hardy monks were able to transmit the full life of the Church, as they had experienced it in Europe, to the primitive American frontier was truly remarkable. It comprises some of the most colorful pages of Colman J. Barry's extremely able historical account of the first hundred years of St. John's (*Worship and Work*. St. John's Abbey and University, Collegeville, Minn. $5.)

As is brought out in this impressive new volume, it was the conjunction of Abbot Alcuin Deutsch, who served as head of the community from 1921 to 1950, and Father Virgil Michel, who died in 1938 at the age of forty-seven, that brought St. John's to the forefront in the annals of American Catholic life. Abbot Alcuin was the chief instigator of a liturgical revival which was to radiate beyond the Abbey's walls to all corners of the United States. Father Virgil was imbued with similar convictions as to the necessity for a widespread return to liturgical worship, that primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit (St. Pius X). He founded *Orate Fratres,* a monthly review which became *Worship* at the time of its twenty-fifth anniversary, and the Popular Liturgical Library, which is still producing inexpensive booklets of liturgical teachings and actual texts.

But Virgil Michel was also pre-eminent for his vision of the connection between universal participation in the full prayer life of the Church and the urgently needed solution of the social question. He believed it literally providential that Leo XIII and St. Pius X were virtually contemporaries. He insisted that Christian social action and the non-individualistic liturgical movement should stimulate each other, that the Mystical Body supplies the true basis for Christian solidarity.

Accomplishments such as these reflect the dynamism and zeal of a religious community whose first concern is the official prayer life of the Church. For St. John's Abbey in its first century has, among other things, built up one of the most respected universities in the Middle West, ministered to the spiritual needs of several generations for miles around, set up a continuing series of constructive Social Action and Rural Life institutes for adults and at the same time sent forth its men again and again to establish a dozen or more new autonomous monasteries and priories along a vast arc which extends from Mexico and Puerto Rico to Tokyo, Japan. We are happy to join in paying tribute.

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Moscow and Peking

"EVEN GRANTING A FUNDAMENTAL COMMUNITY OF INTEREST, SERIOUS DIFFERENCES OF POLICY CAN STILL EXIST"

HAROLD C. HINTON

THERE IS a great need in this country for a careful examination of the causes and meaning of, and antidote to the new look in Soviet and Chinese Communist foreign policy. The old look, of course, was the harsh policy of Stalinism, which fastened a straitjacket on the Russian people, ate into their vitals so badly that the Soviet government has not dared to publish any population statistics since before the war, drove Tito into rebellion, welded Western Europe into the NATO alliance, galvanized the United States into a posture of vigilance supplemented with extensive foreign aid programs, and threatened to bring on an atomic war.

That policy is now dead, or at least in mothballs. The post-Stalinist leadership of Russia is more nearly rational than Stalin was, and, as Michael Lindsay has so brilliantly argued in his book, *China and the Cold War,* the worst excesses of Communist leaders can be more satisfactorily explained on the assumption that they are irrational than on the assumption that they are insincere in their adherence to Marxist-Leninist ideology. The new leadership, because it is more rational, is more dangerous than Stalin, just as Stalin was more formidable than the carpet-gnawing Hitler.

There are three main areas in which it is worth examining the meaning of the new reasonableness emanating from Moscow and Peking: their relations with the uncommitted nations of Asia, their relations with each other, and their relations with the United States.

IN THE RELATIONS between the two Communist colossi and non-Communist Asia, China has always taken the lead. This is natural, since Communist China is an Asian power with a better understanding of Asian problems and Asian attitudes. Since 1949, Peking has demanded and received from Moscow a grudging recognition of the proposition that the Chinese way—involving a revolutionary movement relying on the peasantry, on territorial bases or soviets, and on a Red Army—is the proper way to bring about a socialist revolution in a "colonial or semi-colonial" country, or in what we would call an underdeveloped area. Moscow still insists, however, that once an Asian Communist movement has attained power, the only model which it can legitimately follow is the Russian, which involved collectivization of agriculture, the building up of heavy industry, and the "dictatorship of the proletariat." The latter term is one which the Chinese Communists have generally refused to use; they refer instead to the "people's democratic dictatorship," an allegedly multi-class dictatorship now existing in China. To us this may appear to be splitting hairs, but to them it does not, and a difference in the important realm of theory is likely to lead to differences in policy.

The tone of Communist China's policy toward non-Communist Asia during the Stalinist period was harsh, for Peking was admittedly "leaning to one side," which is to say, toward Moscow. There was no leniency for neutralism as defined by Nehru. The Chinese Communist press rang with denunciations of the non-Communist Asian nations: their leaders were "running dogs" of "imperialism"; their independence was fictitious; their people lived in misery which was steadily being rendered worse by the policies of their rulers. Chinese living in Southeast Asia were regarded as being still Chinese citizens, exhorted to remain loyal to the "Chinese motherland," and manipulated openly so as to undermine the governments of the countries in which they lived. Up to the end of 1954 Peking continued to publish maps which, with a few strokes of the pen, added to its territory some 57,000 square miles in northeastern Kashmir, northern Assam, and large sections of northern and eastern Burma. An atlas published in 1953 said, with reference to the outstanding boundary dispute with Burma: "These

Mr. Hinton, a frequent contributor to The Commonweal, is a member of the faculty of Georgetown University.

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problems await the establishment of a people's Burma and the final victory of the Asian people's revolution; then they can receive a complete and reasonable solution." The feelings of the other states which had territory amputated in this way can easily be imagined. China also set up "autonomous" areas for minority peoples living on her frontiers, in the obvious hope that they might prove to be magnets for kindred peoples living across the frontier in Burma and Thailand. Indigenous Communist parties in neighboring countries, including Japan, were taught increasingly to look to Peking, rather than to Moscow, for leadership.

But at the end of 1954 a sea change began to appear in Chinese Communist policy toward the uncommitted nations. They were no longer denounced as imperialist satellites, and their neutrality was outwardly accepted and even praised. They were promoted to the rank of independent states. Northern Burma was magnanimously returned to the Burmese in an atlas published in 1955.

The milestones in the Chinese retreat in Asia are not hard to detect. The death of Stalin, important though it was in its effect on Soviet policy, was not one of them. The first was the Sino-Indian treaty on Tibet of April 29, 1954, which enunciated for the first time the famous Five Principles of Peaceful Coexistence. The second was the Geneva Conference in the summer of 1955, which brought China out of its largely self-imposed diplomatic isolation and gave Chou En-lai, at least, a better understanding of international realities. The third was Nehru's visit to Peking in October 1954, which drew from Chou an expression of willingness to negotiate on the question of overseas Chinese citizenship and a pledge that China would not interfere in the affairs of her neighbors. The fourth was a similar visit by U Nu in December 1954, in which he made clear to Chou the apprehensions which Peking's menacing attitude had aroused in his country. The fifth was the Bandung Conference in April 1955, which revealed to Chou in a flash the abyss of fear and distrust which Communist China's alliance with the Soviet Union, her persecution of religion, her manipulation of the overseas Chinese, and her boundary claims and "autonomous" areas had created between her and her non-Communist Asian neighbors. With his usual skillful diplomacy he did much to calm these fears, and there emerged a virtual nonaggression pact between China and her neighbors, which she will almost certainly hesitate to violate. Another important but generally overlooked aspect of the Bandung Conference was Nehru's statement that he found the Cominform incompatible with the spirit of peaceful coexistence. Whether this statement contributed to the abolition of the Cominform in April 1956, after the decent interval of one year, it is impossible to say, but it seems likely that it did.

It is true that good-will gestures by Communist China appear fraudulent when scrutinized with a fishy eye. The Sino-Indonesian citizenship agreement of April 1955 proved to be a trap set for the Indonesian government, which has not ratified it. At Bandung, Chou invited the Philippines and Thailand to send delegations to inspect the nearby regions of China and satisfy themselves that nothing sinister was going on. Yet when the Burmese Home Minister asked for permission, in February 1956, to cross the frontier into Yunnan on an inspection trip, he was kept waiting for two hours and then escorted everywhere he went by troops and militia, so that he naturally saw nothing out of the ordinary.

Concessions made by Russia and China to the uncommitted nations tend to be graded according to the international standing of the recipient. When Nehru visited Moscow in June 1955, he was able to have inserted in the joint declaration which he and Bulganin issued a pledge of "non-interference in each other's internal affairs for any reason of an economic, political, or ideological character," and Tito had earlier extracted a similar renunciation of subversion (as distinct from external aggression) when Bulganin and Khrushchev were in Belgrade. U Nu, however, who went to Moscow in November 1955 mainly to sell rice, secured no such concessions, although he did sell an indefinite amount of rice.

The suspicions aroused by the tricks of Communist diplomacy are only confirmed if we peer behind them at Communist objectives. Any major change in the "objective situation," or a new look in some important field of policy, generally brings forth from the high priests of Communism a new theoretical rationalization, and so it is in this case.

According to Soviet Vice Premier Mikoyan, speaking to the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in February 1956: "Lenin foresaw that *in a small bourgeois country, with the presence of socialist countries in the neighborhood, the transition to socialism can take place by peaceful means.* . . . In other words, the working class—by virtue of the correlation of class forces in the country . . . gains the possibility in certain countries, and jointly with the peasantry, to unite under their leadership the majority of people and to reach socialism by peaceful means, without an armed uprising or a civil war, using existing parlia-

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mentary institutions." This prescription appears designed to fit perfectly the relations of Russia and China with Iran, Afghanistan, Nepal, Bhutan, Burma, Thailand, the Associated States of Indochina, Indonesia, Malaya, the Philippines, and possibly also Finland, Turkey, and Japan.

How do the Communists expect to bring these states eventually to undergo a "transition to socialism"? There appear to be three major means at their disposal.

The first is "people's diplomacy," or, in other words, the exchange of good-will, scientific, and cultural missions. There is seldom a time when some prominent Chinese, whether a Communist or a fellow-traveler, is not touring South and Southeast Asia, singing the siren song of peaceful coexistence and pointing to an alleged history of friendly relations between China and the country in question. Chou En-lai has done this at various times, and so of course have Khrushchev and Bulganin. Chinese drama troupes have played to large and enthusiastic audiences in many parts of "the great arc of free Asia."

Secondly, there is political activity by local Communist parties and mass organizations aimed at winning friends and seats in legislatures, and ultimately at bringing the foreign and domestic policies of the country in question into alignment with those of the Soviet bloc. The Indonesian Communists polled six million votes in the general election of 1955, and their Japanese colleagues generally poll in the neighborhood of 700,000. Burmese Communists recently more than trebled their representation in Parliament. Communist-controlled mass organizations in the neutral countries, especially Indonesia, are also large and powerful. If the dominant nationalist parties of the uncommitted nations fail to solve the pressing social and economic problems of their peoples, the Communists will come forward as the logical alternative.

Thirdly, there is trade and aid, Communist style, with the emphasis on the former. No strings are attached, at least to the outside of the package, and no attempt is made to force unwanted surplus commodities down non-Communist throats. Terms are reasonable but businesslike, and the non-Communist party to the deal does not feel like a beggar asking for a handout. The Russians, furthermore, are quite willing to help finance a spectacular project which the other country wants badly, even if it is economically unsound or of secondary importance; hence the new street lights and pavements in Kabul. The Chinese, with less to offer, are nevertheless beginning to enter the same field. They are briskly signing trade agreements with such countries as the Sudan, Egypt, Cambodia, and Japan, and doing their best to expand their foreign trade with the uncommitted areas. In March 1956 they announced that they were sending seven textile technicians to Burma, and that equipment for a new mill would follow.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to discuss Sino-Soviet relations with any certainty of being right, for this is one of the most closely guarded secrets of the Communist world. We are reduced to the method employed so successfully by Sherlock Holmes, who reasoned that when everything which is impossible has been eliminated, whatever remains, however improbable, must contain the truth.

There can be little doubt that there is a fundamental community of ideology and interests between the two colossi of the Communist world, which expresses itself outwardly in mutual public eulogies. In Russia, the Chinese people are generally referred to with the qualifying adjective "great," which is used for no other people but the Russians. In China, praise is continually heaped on the Soviet Big Brother.

Yet even granting a fundamental community of interest, serious differences of policy can still exist. We have already noted the important divergence over the relative merits of the Russian and Chinese paths to socialism. It is also important to realize that while Mao Tse-tung was only the second-ranking figure of the Communist world during Stalin's lifetime, he is now the first, towering over the admittedly able Khrushchev and Bulganin. Mao is therefore much less likely to defer to the new leadership in the Kremlin than he was to the old.

Until about the time of the Communist triumph in China in 1949, Stalin seems to have taken a very dim view of the Chinese Communist movement and its prospects of success. In spite of Khrushchev's statement that Stalin tried to dominate the Chinese Communists after 1949, there is reason to think that he commanded their respect. His disability and death early in 1953 coincided with, although it may not have caused, an apparent cutting-down in Soviet commitments to economic aid for China. This in turn may have helped to induce the Chinese to sign a truce agreement in Korea which, after all, left them rather than the Russians as the principal gainers.

The Bandung Conference revealed to Chou En-lai the harm which China's close alignment with the Soviet Union had been doing to her standing in Asia and opened before his eyes a tempting prospect of a China participating in Asian affairs and therefore less closely bound to Big Brother. But is China dependent militarily and economically on supplies furnished by Russia? Up to the present time she probably is, or has allowed herself to become so, except for rubber, the only major industrial raw material not produced within the Soviet bloc. But the volume of Soviet aid to China has been small, so small that it was not

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revealed until Khrushchev let the cat out of the bag at the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. At that time he hung a price tag of 5.6 billion rubles ($1.4 billion at the official Soviet exchange rate, or $392 million at a realistic rate) on it, certainly not a princely sum. Early in April of this year, when Mikoyan visited Peking, an agreement was announced providing for another 2.5 billion rubles of Soviet aid to China ($175 million at a realistic rate). This is still essentially chicken-feed, and the Chinese probably feel that they have little reason to be grateful.

Few episodes have more clearly illustrated the imperfect coordination between Moscow and Peking than the dethroning of Stalin. This was first announced at the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, which convened on February 14 of this year, the anniversary of the important Sino-Soviet pact of 1950—a fact which may or may not be a coincidence. The Chinese Communist representative at the congress was the weatherbeaten, respected figurehead, Marshal Chu Teh. He showed that he had either not been oriented as to the latest line on Stalin, or disapproved of it, for he praised Stalin in glowing terms. The Chinese Communist press did not come around to denouncing Stalin until April 4, some six weeks later, when it accused him of conceit and certain errors of policy; this denunciation, however, was less strongly worded than those emanating from Moscow. Whether this affair reflects a lingering affection for Stalin in Peking, or simply an inability to change course as quickly as the Russians can—and the answer probably is that both these things are true—it indicates a considerable lack of coordination between the two power centers of the Communist world.

In short, friction between China and Russia seems to have increased rather than diminished since the death of Stalin. To counteract it, if possible, Khrushchev and Mikoyan flew to Peking in October 1954 and issued a joint declaration with the Peking government, granting China a modest loan and some more equipment, indicating a willingness to establish friendly relations with Japan even in the absence of a peace treaty and of a "people's" Japan, binding the Soviet government to evacuate Port Arthur in Manchuria and surrender its share in four joint stock companies established in 1950 and 1951, and agreeing to inaugurate rail communications with each other through Outer Mongolia and Sinkiang. Of these agreements the last appears to be the most important. The Mongolian rail connection was completed late last year, and the one through Sinkiang is expected to be finished by 1960. Given time, they could change the face of Asia by providing it with something which it has previously lacked, reliable and effective transportation across the Gobi Desert and the T'ien Shan Mountains, or between China and Siberia.

It would certainly be surprising if the Russians really yearned to see a strong, industrialized China, even if Communist, emerge to the east of them. Too many things can be gotten from a weak China which cannot be wrested from a strong China: economic rights in the border regions separating them, and leadership of the Communist movements throughout Asia, to name only two. Big Brother probably does not welcome the prospect of Young Brother's growing up.

BOTH RUSSIA and China have recently adopted a superficially more conciliatory attitude toward the United States. Russia has offered us a nonaggression pact, only to be rebuffed with the State Department's usual chilly legalisms. Chou En-lai offered at Bandung to negotiate the Formosan question with us and received a similar response. Despite the indifferent success of the tedious Sino-American negotiations at Geneva, the Chinese Communists have refrained so far from striking at what is probably our most vulnerable point, the offshore islands.

This comparative reasonableness certainly does not mean that Moscow and Peking have ceased to regard us as their major enemy, who must some day be brought into subjection. What then does it mean? It probably means that they regard us as so implacably hostile that they can safely make conciliatory gestures in our direction in the virtual certainty that we will not respond. In this way we will be branded more than ever in the eyes of the world as warmongers. Our continuing atomic and hydrogen bomb tests, and our continuing emphasis on military as against economic aid, all appear to prove them right and improve the prospects for the attainment of the Communists' short term objectives, including the admission of Communist China to the United Nations.

It is not Communist foreign policy which is bankrupt, as Mr. Dulles says—and almost no one in Washington appears to agree with him—but ours. What could be done to improve it? In the first place, we should do what we can to sharpen and exploit the existing tensions between China and Russia already mentioned. This can only be done if we are willing to negotiate with them, instead of merely shouting at them, and if eventually, and on terms of our own choosing, we establish diplomatic relations with Peking. We might then be able to educate the Chinese Communists in the facts of international life in the way that some non-Communist Asian statesmen, notably Nehru and U Nu, have begun to do. It is only by appealing to the starved element of rationality in the Communist nature and giving it food on which to feed—all the while keeping our military defenses at a level sufficient to command respect—that we can hope to achieve a

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relaxation of tension which is the only alternative to a continuation of the cold war or the outbreak of a hot one.

Most of all, perhaps, we must address ourselves to the uncommitted nations, now beginning to sweat under the warmth of the Communist sun, like the traveler in Aesop's fable. We must help them to fashion a parasol to ward off the heat by providing a handle and ribs composed of the hard material of military and, above all, economic aid, but the fabric of the cover, consisting of sound and democratic institutions, must be of their own manufacture. Above all, it is they, not we, who must hold the handle. To date we are very far from having arrived at such a happy state. SEATO is an alliance of very little military value, which does not cover Formosa or Hong Kong. Its three Asian members (Pakistan, Thailand, and the Philippines) are beginning to wonder why they bothered to enter it; yet for its sake we have sacrificed much of what good-will we had in the neutral nations of the Far East.

Of the four Americans who have done the most for our standing in the uncommitted nations in recent years, none is a career official or professional diplomat; presumably this is why they were so successful. They are Horace Holmes, an agricultural extension expert; Chester Bowles, an advertising executive and amateur diplomat; Adam Clayton Powell, a minister and Congressman; and Walter Reuther, a trade union official. If we can find more such men to send to Asia, and if our government can bring itself to adopt a more flexible attitude and a more realistic policy, then there is hope. If not, then one can only agree with whoever it was who said, "May Heaven deliver me from my friends, for I will take care of my enemies myself."

INSIDE LABOR

Stresses and Strains

JOHN C. CORT

THE MARRIAGE of the AFL and CIO took place last December 5th. On June 4th, in Washington, President Eisenhower blessed the couple's new home by the formal dedication of the impressive AFL-CIO headquarters building. Now that the AFL-CIO honeymoon is over, people want to know if love has survived the hard realities and the little irritations of their life together.

I think the answer is yes. Of course, the assumption of a complete amalgamation is a false one, to begin with. The only union reached at New York last December was a union at the top. At this writing the AFL and CIO have merged in only nine states, and none of these is either large or important industrially. Down at the city level there has been even less progress, percentage-wise, toward consolidation of central labor bodies through councils of affiliated local unions in one town or city. At this level, the conflict of personalities and the competition over jobs and prestige is most intense. Internationally, there have been announcements of pending mergers between unions, notably in the meat-packing and government fields, but I know of none that has gotten off the drawing board.

Still, at the top, there has been remarkable harmony despite certain irritations. Some of the more dedicated CIO types were a little shocked to find their AFL brethren leaving headquarters promptly at 4:30 P.M., and some of the AFL's were a little shocked to find that their CIO brethren did not come in promptly at 9 A.M. It seemed to be, in part, the old story of the young crusaders, who never arrive on time, and the elderly businessmen, who never have reason to work late.

Mrs. Beck's Bad Boy, David, has been making trouble, but, like most bad boys, he has fallen in line when it looked as though the old man was mad enough to rush him out to the woodshed. The first incident was at the time of the wedding itself, in a rhubarb over the new Industrial Union Department, but when George Meany took a strong stand, Beck backed down. The strong stand worked again when the Teamster's boss started talking about (1) a large loan to the racket-ridden longshoremen's union which had been ousted from the AFL for corruption, and (2), a mutual assistance pact with the same union. The Teamsters' executive committee canceled the loan and, to save embarrassment on David's part, the longshoremen canceled the pact.

To prove his complete impartiality and tolerance, Beck also started talking about an alliance with the Communist-dominated Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, ousted from the CIO; but this was forgotten when Meany let it be understood that he would stand for no nonsense.

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The Teamsters remain, however, a major headache and will continue to be as long as they are under their present leadership.

ANOTHER source of trouble has been the Building Trades Council, an amalgam of old-line craft unions led by Richard Gray. Mr. Gray is living so far in the past that he thinks industrial unions like the Auto Workers and Steelworkers should make an agreement with their Council that any new plants organized will be chopped up in small pieces among the building trades, with, say, ten employees belonging to the Carpenters, ten to the Painters, ten to the Electricians, and so on. This is where we all came in, or rather walked out, back in 1935 when John L. Lewis led the original CIO unions out of the AFL over precisely the same issue.

It isn't a good sign that eighteen of the nineteen presidents of building trades unions, all formerly AFL, signed a letter urging their members to "go slow" on merging AFL state and city councils with their CIO opposite numbers until a satisfactory agreement on jurisdiction had been reached. At its next meeting, the AFL-CIO executive council voted unanimously to condemn this letter as a "direct violation of the spirit and letter of the AFL-CIO constitution." Then it asked the Building Trades Council to set up a meeting at which George Meany would have a chance to ask the Council to withdraw the letter.

Trouble would seem to lie ahead unless Meany can keep the building trades from blocking mergers. In all nine states where AFL and CIO have merged, the AFL has been clearly the dominant partner and has taken its pick of top offices. Even in such circumstances, the building trades (which include Beck's Teamsters, by the way) have been able to make trouble. They should be able to make even more trouble when they reach into states where the CIO is closer to equality or even superiority. It's a fair guess that some of these mergers are going to wait until the end of the deadline, which is Dec. 5th, 1957. The AFL-CIO national office will step in and conduct a shot-gun marriage, drawing up all the rules and conducting a merger convention itself.

These little spats have not seriously strained labor unity, however, because they are spats involving a minority of AFL unions on one side and the national leadership of George Meany on the other, with Meany having the solid backing of the former CIO unions and the vast majority of AFL unions.

A MORE interesting kind of argument, and in some ways more critical, was the one that developed between the two principals, Meany and Walter Reuther, at the May meeting of the AFL-CIO executive council. For several years now, Meany has been blasting Prime Minister Nehru for aiding and abetting the Communist cause by his policy of "neutrality." Meany takes a "he-who-is-not-with-us-is-against us" attitude toward India, and has said so rather pointedly in public speeches.

Walter Reuther doesn't agree with Mr. Meany. Last April he made a ten-day visit to India, during which he talked for three hours with Mr. Nehru, made a number of friendly speeches, and was warmly received wherever he went. He did, however, openly attack "the new Communist satellite—colonialism" and the Communist claims that U.S. capitalism "browbeats the defenseless U.S. workers." But his general attitude was that India is a basically democratic country which is at least worthy to be an ally of America, even if she does not choose to be one.

At the May meeting of the AFL-CIO Council, Dave Beck failed to show up, and thus deprived Meany of a good target. He then turned to Reuther and reproached him for his statements on India and the impression he had created that American labor approved of the Nehru regime. Reuther defended himself warmly and at length, emphasizing that he had not spoken for the AFL-CIO, but only for himself and the Auto Workers. He also let it be understood that he did not intend to give up his right of free speech for President Meany. Observers related later that Reuther had something the better of the exchange.

However, on the Meany side of the argument, there is this peculiar development: Dave Dubinsky of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union reports that the famous and effective movie of the history of the union, *With These Hands,* had run into trouble with the Indian censors, who have demanded deletion from the movie of a sequence portraying the union's fight against Communist control. Dubinsky has rightly demanded that the State Department protest the Indian action. Meanwhile, the movie is not being shown there.

But none of these differences means that the marriage is going to break up. The vast majority of union men, from the top brass to the lowly rank-and-filers, are glad in their hearts that the old breach between the AFL and CIO has been mended, and they have no intention of letting it re-open. Like any happily-married couple, the two will argue and even throw a dish or two from time to time. But that doesn't mean divorce. The very thought of separating fills them with dismay.

Today, most American union men feel a pride and an exaltation at the thought that they belong to one great federation of fifteen million workers which can truly and effectively speak for American labor. On that pride and that exaltation the unity of AFL-CIO can endure for a good many years.

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Religion and Higher Education

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

I BELIEVE that higher education can make a unique contribution to morals and religion. I do not believe that it can make some of the contributions expected of it, and I think that these expectations obscure the real purposes and achievements of higher education.

This essay uses the words "morals," "religion," and "higher education" in a definite sense. By morals I mean good habits. Good habits are those which are good for the organism in question. To know what is good for an organism, you have to know the nature of that organism. If man is an animal like any other, then there is no reason why we should expect him to have habits any different from the other animals. For by good habits we do not mean obedience to conventions. That lies in the sphere of etiquette, rather than morals, and we are concerned here with morals.

For example, the Kinsey Report has no moral significance. The Report seems to proceed on the assumption that, since man is an animal like any other, and since morals are purely conventional, a moral revolution may be effected by showing that we do not live according to the conventions we profess. To show that men do not live according to the conventions they profess merely shows that they do not live according to the conventions they profess. It shows nothing at all about what is good or bad for man.

By religion I mean belief in and obedience to God. This demands religious faith. Faith is not reason, but it is something more than a vague, sentimental desire to do good and be good. The kind of religion I am talking about is one that is sustained by both reason and faith. We see in St. Augustine's *Confessions* the way in which a man may come to the sort of religious conviction that has meaning. St. Augustine's conversion followed after tremendous wrestling with the intellectual difficulties of Christianity and was prepared by the conquest of those difficulties.

By higher education I mean that education which takes place in institutions beyond the secondary level as secondary education is usually defined. I mean the education that is given by the colleges and universities of this country.

Mr. Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago from 1929 to 1945 and Chancellor from 1945 to 1951, is now President of the Fund for the Republic. This article is adapted from an essay in *Freedom, Education and the Fund*, to be published in paper covers in August by Meridian Books.

IN HIS inaugural address at St. Andrew's, John Stuart Mill said: "No one can dispense with an education directed expressly to the moral as well as the intellectual part of his being. Such education, so far as it is direct, is either moral or religious; and these may either be treated as distinct, or as different aspects of the same thing. The subject we are now considering is not education as a whole, but scholastic education, and we must keep in view the inevitable limitations of what schools and universities can do. It is beyond their power to educate morally or religiously. Moral and religious education consist in training the feelings and the daily habits; and these are, in the main, beyond the sphere and inaccessible to the control of public education. It is the home, the family, which gives us the moral or religious education we really receive; and this is completed, and modified, sometimes for the better, often for the worse, by society, and the opinions and feelings with which we are there surrounded."

So Cardinal Newman insisted over and over again that the purpose of a university was intellectual and not moral. The utilitarian philosopher and the Catholic theologian came to the same conclusion, though perhaps for different reasons. To the role of the family Newman adds that of the church, which, characteristically, Mill does not mention in his discussion of moral and religious education. They both hold that it is beyond the power of higher education to educate morally and religiously.

Mill and Newman were writing in the nineteenth century, when both church and family were more effective in their spheres than they are today. Would their conclusion be any different now, when, we are told, the family is disintegrating and the church is dying? I think not. Even if they assumed that the family was going to pieces and the church on the way to extinction, Newman and Mill would hardly suppose that the way to revive these institutions was to turn over their functions to another agency.

Mill emphasizes another point: some phases of human development are determined by the impact of society in adult life. In our time the impact of society, particularly as it makes itself felt through what are called the media of mass communication, is, I think, the most important factor in moral and cultural development. I do not see how any educational system

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can be expected to cope with the comic book, the radio, the motion picture, the slick-paper magazine, television, and the sensational press. The tremendous skill and the enormous resources available to these moral and cultural agencies make them more influential in molding the lives of our people than the whole educational system. And even if the educational system had more money and more skill, as it certainly should have, there appears to be a kind of Gresham's law of culture, under which bad stuff drives out good. Probably because of original sin, human beings seem to prefer demoralization to improvement. For any of us, therefore, to hope that even the best training in criticism can cope with the constant storm of triviality and propaganda that now beats upon the citizen seems to me to expect too much of any educational system. Such training should certainly be given, and given to everybody. But an educational system cannot reform a society. All it can do is to offer an opportunity and, perhaps, an example of which those who wish to swim against the tide can avail themselves.

NEWMAN and Mill do not say that moral and religious education is unimportant. On the contrary, they both feel that moral and religious education is more important than intellectual education. So do I. The question is not whether moral and religious education is important, but what colleges and universities can do about it.

The moral virtues are habits, and habits are formed by acts. We can have no assurance that courses in elementary, intermediate, and advanced goodness will be followed by good acts. In fact, such courses seem likely to induce precisely the opposite behavior.

Nor can it hope to do so by means of extra-curriculum activities, at least on that industrial or "big-time" scale with which we in America are familiar. Under this system a few highly trained but somewhat under-paid experts go through the discipline and sometimes suffer the fate of the gladiators of old while the rest of the college observes their conduct on Saturday afternoons in the spirit of a Roman holiday. I confess I am unable to see what this has to do with morals, religion, or higher education.

Higher education cannot hope to make students good by compulsory religious exercises. A college cannot have it both ways. It cannot hold itself out as secular and then demand that its members go through religious ceremonies as a condition of being allowed to continue as members.

The great majority of the endowed colleges and universities of this country have long since passed from under the control of the religious groups that founded them; and public institutions seem required by the Constitution to be secular. Yet it must be admitted that religion is of the greatest moral importance. If the whole world practiced Aristotle's *Ethics,* the whole world would be much better off than it is today. But I doubt if any single man, to say nothing of the whole world, can practice Aristotle's *Ethics* without the support and inspiration of religious faith. This Aristotle himself seemed to recognize; for the ideal man whom he holds up to our admiration is one who is almost divine. The modern critic is inclined to scoff at the Aristotelian dictum that men are rational animals. It is no longer fashionable to refer to the rationality of man. But Aristotle was saying not merely that men are rational but also that they are animal. Because men are animal, because the flesh is weak and life is hard, the moral virtues cannot be consistently practiced without divine aid.

No one could have been more conscious of the dependence of morals upon religion than Cardinal Newman, and it was he who said that the purpose of a university was intellectual, not moral. Our question is not whether religion is indispensable to the good life, but whether the educational system can give us everything that is indispensable to the good life. If a college cannot make its students religious, it cannot, to that extent, make them good.

Mill says that the moral and religious influence of a university consists in its pervading tone. If the pervading tone is moral and religious, moral and religious influence will follow. But how is the pervading tone set? The pervading tone of higher education must be set by those who guide its destinies and teach its students. If they are moral and religious, the tone may be that which Mill would like. If they are not, the tone may be something else altogether.

Since we are agreed that it is more important to be good than to be intellectual, and that it is hard, if not impossible, to be good without being religious, and since we want higher education to exert a moral and religious influence through its pervading tone, it would seem to follow that men should not be appointed to the faculties of colleges and universities unless they are moral and religious men. Yet we know that every day men are appointed to faculties after a most painstaking investigation of their intellectual attainments, but without any inquiry into their moral habits or their religious beliefs. We do not ask whether the prospective appointee is afflicted with scientism, skepticism, or secularism. We do not request him to state whether he believes in God or whether or not he thinks morals are indistinguishable from the mores and are relative, like the mores, to time and place. We ask what his training has been, what his record was, and what his publications are. We ask, in short, whether he has discovered any truths in his specialty, and whether he can be expected to seek for and, perhaps, discover additional truths.

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A college or university is a place where people think. And the test of all its work, the test of the work of professors and students, the test of every course and every research project is: how much thought does it require? But can this be all? Does this mean that as long as there is thought it makes no difference what is thought about, or are some things more important to think about than others?

If we insist that colleges and universities should be devoted to thinking, and if we insist that they should, if possible, think about important things, we may perhaps find the way in which higher education may make its unique contribution to morals and religion. Most of our educational institutions are and will probably remain secular, in the sense that they are not controlled by any church and are open to everybody regardless of his religious faith or lack of it. But there is another kind of secularism that besets the higher learning in America, and that is secularism in the sense that says religion is insignificant, it is outmoded, it is equivalent to superstition. This kind of secularism higher education can and should repel. If a college or university is going to think and to think about important things, then it must think about religion. It is perhaps not necessary that all the faculty should be religious; it would be desirable that most of them, at least, should take religion seriously.

The same is true of morals. If a college or university is to think and think about important things, then it must think about morals, for morals are most important. It may not be necessary that all the faculty should be good; it would be desirable that most of them, at least, take goodness seriously.

If we grant that the purpose of higher education is to think and to think about important things for the purpose of learning as much of the truth as possible about these things and transmitting it to each succeeding generation, we see immediately that certain moral and religious consequences follow. Higher education then supplies the intellectual foundations of morals and religion. This is a contribution of the first importance, and it is, I believe, a contribution to morals and religion that only higher education can make.

The curriculum, then, should include the knowledge and understanding of the principles of morality. It should include both natural and sacred theology; for how can a man call himself educated who does not grasp the leading ideas that since the dawn of history have animated mankind? The institution must be committed to taking morality and religion seriously. This commitment involves a third: if the object of higher education is the truth, then, in order to take morality and religion seriously, the institution must believe that there is some truth and some discoverable truth about morality and religion. The notion that under some circumstances it could be right, for example, for one man to kill another with malice aforethought must mean that there is no difference between good and bad, between right and wrong, that there is no moral law and there are no moral principles that higher education can take seriously. It must mean that there are no morals; there are only the mores; and there is no religion; there is only superstition. If higher education is to take morality and religion seriously, it must repudiate these dogmas; for the truths of morality and religion never have been and never can be discovered by experiment or by any allegedly "scientific" means. Morality and religion cannot be taken seriously unless the possibility of attaining truth by philosophical inquiry and by revelation is admitted. It is necessary to believe that philosophy is something more than words and that it is possible to be rational and religious at the same time.

HOW, THEN, can higher education escape dogmatism, narrowness, the invasion of academic freedom, and failure in its proper intellectual task and still do its duty by morals and religion? A possible answer lies in the Great Conversation. The Great Conversation began with the Greeks, the Hebrews, the Hindus, and the Chinese and has continued to the present day. It is a conversation that deals, perhaps more extensively than it deals with anything else, with morals and religion. The questions of the nature and existence of God, the nature and destiny of man, and the organization and purpose of human society are the recurring themes of the Great Conversation.

There may be many ways in which a college or university can continue the Great Conversation, but it would seem offhand that one of the best ways is through the reading and discussion by all the students of the books in which the Great Conversation has been carried on by the greatest men who have taken part in it. To continue and enrich the Great Conversation is the object of higher education.

The Civilization of the Dialogue is the only civilization worth having and the only civilization in which the whole world can unite. It requires a common language and a common stock of ideas. It assumes that every man has reason and that every man can use it. It preserves to every man his independent judgment and, since it does so, it deprives any man or any group of men of the privilege of forcing their judgment upon any other man or group of men. The Civilization of the Dialogue is the negation of force. We have reached the point, in any event, when force cannot unite the world; it can merely destroy it. Through continuing and enriching the Great Conversation higher education not only does its duty by morals and religion; it not only performs its proper intellectual task: it also supports and symbolizes the highest hopes and the highest aspirations of mankind.

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THE SCREEN

ADAMANT AHAB

ADMIRERS of Herman Melville's *Moby Dick,* some of whom consider it the great American classic, are likely to be pleased and impressed with John Huston's film version of this novel. Huston, who produced and directed (and wrote the script with Ray Bradbury), made some changes in the original—after all, he was doing a movie and not a treatise on whaling. He did not, however, introduce any of the Boy-Meets-Girl routine that was intended to make the two John Barrymore versions more palatable; and, considering its difficult subject matter, he has caught the spirit of the Melville book amazingly well. Visually, this "Moby Dick" is a thing of great beauty, with lovely Technicolor photography that is given a remarkable texture by having duplicate black-and-white shots imposed over it. Many of the scenes, already effective for their content, are made doubly impressive by this artistic process: the stunning shots of 1840 New Bedford, Massachusetts (actually taken in Ireland, where much of the film was made), the exciting whaling scenes and storms at sea (photographed off the coast of Portugal) and most of all, that incredibly eerie scene in which the *Pequod,* in the midst of all its other ominous troubles, is suddenly becalmed and floats for days like Coleridge's painted ship upon a painted ocean.

Like so many other movies, particularly John Huston's, "Moby Dick" is memorable more for its director than its actors. The costumes, bodies and faces one sees throughout the *Pequod's* long voyage make more of an impression than do the performances. Gregory Peck plays the peg-legged Captain Ahab on the single note of a man fanatically obsessed to get revenge on the great whale that had cost him his leg; he sees himself as a god whose mission is to destroy this evil thing—even if his methods are evil and he destroys himself and his whole crew. Leo Genn is more successful in getting some shading into his portrayal of Starbuck, the first-mate who recognizes the wrongness of this voyage, but who feels obliged to obey his captain. He tries to dissuade Ahab from this mad pursuit: "It is our task to kill whales to furnish oil for the world," but he thinks it blasphemous to seek vengeance on one of God's creatures. The only character with whom we can identify ourselves is Ishmael, the young man who opens the film and the book ("Call Me Ishmael") by deciding to investigate the watery parts of the world, and finally, after a series of hair-raising adventures, closes both the film and book by being the sole survivor of the *Pequod.* The role is played with understanding and likable warmth by Richard Basehart. Perhaps Ishmael's close friendship with Queequeg (Friedrich Ledebur), a tattooed Indian, the wildest-looking of all the wild and tough characters who sail this whaling ship, is a little disconcerting, but even this friendship is one more symbol in an allegory already loaded with symbols.

No doubt as symbolic as anything else in this fascinating tale of a man destroyed by revenge is the use of the Jonah-and-the-whale story in a sermon delivered by "Father" Mapple (expertly played by Orson Welles in this single scene) in a New Bedford church. Obviously, "Moby Dick" is a movie that must be seen from the beginning (none of this coming-in-at-any-time stuff) and must be thought about. But for a thinking audience, Gregory Peck's dominating and obsessed Ahab palls long before man and whale fight it out. But most of "Moby Dick" is absorbing, and Huston deserves huzzahs for his valiant effort.

ANOTHER movie steeped in Americana, but of a less arty kind, is Walt Disney's "The Great Locomotive Chase." This is a thriller, as its name implies, but its departure from most thrillers is in its being based on an actual incident. During the Civil War, twenty-two Union spies stole a train near Atlanta, Georgia, hoping to destroy track and bridges on the route to Chattanooga. Had they succeeded in crippling the South's military transport system, on this April 12, 1862, they could have cut the Confederacy in half and shortened the war by two years. But, alas, the well-planned raid failed, and its failure was due mainly to a Confederate train conductor who led the chase against the raiders and outsmarted their plans.

The failure of the raid doesn't detract one bit from the excitement of the movie because the audience's sympathy is engaged on both sides, for the raiders led by Fess Parker, and for the chasers led by Jeffrey Hunter, who portrays probably the smartest conductor in history. Written and produced by Lawrence E. Watkin, and directed by Francis D. Lyon, "The Great Locomotive Chase" is one of the best-executed little films to turn up in a long time. It was no easy task to photograph the stealing of the engine and a few cars of the Western and Atlantic Railroad as well as the ensuing chase.

But it has been done with great success in CinemaScope and Technicolor, and the picture manages to capture well the feel of time and locale. The chase theme is a natural for the movies, but it's not every day that a thriller has an almost-documentary air of the real thing. "The Great Locomotive Chase" should appeal to boys of all ages whether they are railroad fans or not.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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"THE CLOAK OF MODERATION"

Politics of Mediocrity

VICTOR C. FERKISS

THE POLITICAL world of the last several decades appears to be dissolving. Henry Wallace endorses President Eisenhower for reelection, and Adlai Stevenson basks in the sunshine of Herman Talmadge's blessing. John T. Flynn tells us that the Russians wanted peace all the time. Some of one's friends on the left even lament the fact that economy-minded Bob Taft is no longer alive to collaborate in Khrushchev's peace offensive. As the 1956 campaign takes form it becomes evident that it is, in fact, formless: a campaign without issues in which "me tooism" dominates the platforms of both parties. Now that most of the traditional Democratic program is being carried out by Republicans, the old rallying cries have lost much of their force, and only fear of the hulking shadow of Richard Nixon keeps the fires of party fervor alight. Confusion abounds: where everything is the same nothing has any meaning. Under the cloak of moderation with which Ike and Adlai shroud themselves, sight fades and hallucination replaces vision.

In his latest book* Samuel Lubell assays an answer to the question of what current has borne the ship of state to this political Sargasso Sea. The public, he says, always gets the kind of leadership it seeks. In Eisenhower they have found a man in their own image, a leader who has sought only to follow the public's moods. They wanted to preserve the gains of the New Deal era, but go no further, and President Eisenhower could be counted on to check both radicalism and reaction. The election of a Democratic Congress in 1954 represented a further implementation of compromise through stalemate. That this equilibrium is the result of a conscious decision on the part of the American public would be almost impossible to prove, and the evidence that Mr. Lubell offers in favor of this contention is as scant as his espousal of it is halfhearted. Nonetheless, in his earlier and more systematic work, *The Future of American Politics,* Mr. Lubell clearly indicated that those groups who benefited from the New Deal now feel that any gains by others would endanger their own status just as much as would a return to previous conditions.

*THE REVOLT OF THE MODERATES. By Samuel Lubell. Harper. $3.75.

Mr. Ferkiss teaches political science at St. Mary's College, California, and is a frequent contributor to The Commonweal.

Advertisements have heralded *The Revolt of the Moderates* as a book which tells "how you vote and why." Prediction implies necessity, and Mr. Lubell is in fact a group determinist, that is, he holds that individuals vote as they do primarily because they belong to certain objectively definable "voting streams" which can be relied on to respond as a group to particular political events. This does not mean that Mr. Lubell is a simple economic determinist. While the size of a person's mortgage or the rent he pays provides the most important clue to whether he is a Democrat or a Republican, this fact must be correlated with his racial and religious background. If these facts are known one can make a pretty safe prediction as to how any individual is going to vote.

None of this is new. Political scientists have for years studied voting behavior by means of such indices. Mr. Lubell's major contribution to the study of American politics has been his emphasis on the importance and especially the persistence of racial and religious factors. His contention that Mr. Truman's victory in 1948 can be attributed largely to the return of former Coughlinites to the Democratic fold, in reaction to the desertion of many Jewish voters to Wallace's Progressive Party, provides an example of the startling but useful results his techniques can achieve.

IN ANALYSES such as Mr. Lubell's, the role of ideas in influencing voters is, of course, minimized virtually to the point of extinction, and politics becomes simply a struggle of competing interests—us vs. them—on economic or ethnic grounds. Within this context, moderation is a deceptive term. It does not mean reasoned compromise on a mutually accepted positive program. Rather it is a way of saying that competing group pressures have neutralized each other, and further action is impossible. As Mr. Lubell puts it, the major parties today cannot move in any direction; they are like "two fat men in a narrow hall," trying to squeeze past each other without either making much headway.

But what if the building is on fire? There is an outside chance that standing still may be safe, in addition to being comfortable, insofar as domestic affairs are concerned; but in the era of the hydrogen bomb,

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foreign policy assumes overwhelming importance. The Soviet Union may not—will not—allow us the luxury of inaction. Mr. Lubell recognizes our peril and fears that the compromises required by the exigencies of domestic politics will make effective international action designed to meet the Communist threats impossible. President Eisenhower's greatest appeal to the American public—his ability to assume the role of a peacemaker who can be trusted to protect the nation militarily—could be his undoing and ours. For the Eisenhower administration may be unable to make either real peace or effective war without disturbing Secretary Humphrey's budget or the coalition of anti-Communist and anti-Korean war voters that elected it.

Samuel Lubell also notes the potential dangers to our society posed by the school integration issue in the South and by increasing residential segregation in the North. Here, too, inaction posing as moderation permits the build-up of explosive pressures.

Political theorists have traditionally decried the misguided folly of those who demanded that American political parties represent sharply competing stands. For years they have insisted that the ability of our two-party system to blur conflicts of principle is the essence of our political genius. Ideological politics, they said, are dangerously divisive. Mr. Lubell, in noting the dangers inherent in making moderation an end in itself, finds himself in disagreement, but he fails to emphasize sufficiently that division is a prerequisite for rational decision. If one physician tells me that my arm is gangrenous and must be amputated at the shoulder, while another tells me that it is perfectly sound, surely I am insane if I compromise by having it cut off at the elbow. Yet many of our policies on foreign or domestic issues are the outcome of a similar pseudo-moderation. We never completely refuse aid to foreign nations; we simply give them less than they need to solve their problems but still enough gravely to burden ourselves. We fail to decide between giving our support to the colonial powers or to the local insurgents; we compromise by blowing hot and cold alternately, so that both sides come to despise us. This is not the moderation of moving slowly toward a definite goal, nor that of moving toward a goal not far distant. It is a failure to move toward or away from anything; it is, in fact, the abdication of all responsibilities.

HOW CAN the American voter regain the right to choose between alternate public policies? Looking backward, one realizes that Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal, Wilson's New Freedom, Theodore Roosevelt's New Nationalism, the Populist movement, and the crusade against slavery were as much expressions of constellations of special interests as they were expressions of coherent political philosophies. No reorientation of our political life can take place until the various groups within our population realize that, in the long run, the present stalemate is as dangerous to their own special interests as it is to the nation at large.

Although it is moderation which gives birth to stalemate at the level of Presidential politics, Mr. Lubell shows that, in congressional politics, the problem assumes a different guise. Our electoral system creates a Congress increasingly dominated by the extremists of both sides entrenched in the two hundred eighty-four "safe" seats. These hard-core districts are such, not because of clashes of viewpoint on current issues, but because of political allegiances frozen in the matrix of conflicts dating back to the McKinley-Bryan election. Hence stalemate in Congress is not so much the result of a lack of clear-cut divisions as of the persistence of passions aroused by controversies long dead, which serve to confuse current debates without diminishing partisan quarrels.

The log jam can be broken only by a new formulation of the issues confronting us—one which will permit a realignment of allegiances based on current problems rather than on past controversies. In order to effect a realignment, new ideas must be substituted for old slogans. This will mean a more ideologically oriented politics than we have known in the past. For past fears of the dangers allegedly inherent in ideological politics are now largely groundless. The dynamics of modern government are such that a built-in inertia prevents violent change in any direction, as the continuity of our Asian policy so well demonstrates. The real danger is not a violent alternation between political extremes but the reduction of the electoral process to an empty shadow.

America is further from being a mechanized tyranny than many of her extreme critics would have us believe. Nonetheless, men must be ever alert to preserve that modicum of self-direction essential to human dignity. In our complex age, participation in the decisions of the politically organized community is a necessary basis for freedom. Freedom implies choice, and for the voter this means a choice between clearly defined and meaningful programs. If both political parties are agents of a single point of view, however moderate, then American elections will be as farcical as those in the Soviet Union. In a world of difficult and dangerous choices, the destruction of meaningful political conflict does not mean merely surrendering our freedom to the manipulators of Madison Avenue, busily packaging candidacies designed to appeal to the lowest common denominator, for with the loss of freedom we lose security and safety as well, since that program which divides us least is the program of mediocrity and mediocrity is the sire of defeat.

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The New Testament and the Dead Sea Scrolls

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS AND THE ORIGINALITY OF CHRIST. By Geoffrey Graystone, S. M. Sheed and Ward. $2.50.

By JOSEPH A. FITZMYER

WERE one to admit a certain determinism in history's course, one could have predicted the publication of this book. After Edmund Wilson's best-seller, *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea,* it was to be expected that someone would give us the other side. The pendulum swung to an extreme in Wilson's effort; on its return it has gone well beyond center in Father Graystone's little book. While not rejecting the value of the Dead Sea Scrolls for the study of Christian origins, the author has certainly minimized their importance.

Leaving aside questions of archeology, Jewish history, palaeography, Father Graystone devotes his attention to "the possible relationship of the people or sect who produced these documents with the origins, the spread, the organization and tenets of Christianity." Noting that "no less than five hundred parallels between the New Testament and the scrolls have been cited in the course of systematic comparisons," the author asks, "What is the significance of these points of contact and how much do they prove?" In four short chapters, which previously appeared as three articles in the *Irish Theological Quarterly* (July, October 1955; January 1956), Father Graystone undertakes to answer that question.

And what is Father Graystone's answer? "The more one thinks over the matter, the more one grows sceptical over the whole question of direct contacts between the Qumran literature and the New Testament." Because the Qumran community was a "closed sect," discouraging contacts with outsiders, the author thinks that "we should be slow to admit, simply on the score of verbal likenesses, contacts between them and the early Christian Church, at least before the year 70 A. D."

Father Graystone rightly stresses "the gulf that separates the two sets of writing." "The Qumran sect was based essentially on the Mosaic Law; it was contained within the framework of the Sinaitic Covenant." In a word, it was not Christian; it was not even a proto-Christianity, *pace* Mr. Wilson.

But how are we to interpret the gulf that separates the two groups, which otherwise have so many points of contact? The author thinks that it makes impossible any direct connection between Qumran and Christianity. This is, of course, a possible interpretation; perhaps Father Graystone's case is saved by the use of the word "direct." (The following, however, should be considered. If one is trying to determine whether A influenced B, both being similar in some regard—A^1, B^1, it is useless to point out that A does not contain B^2, B^3, B^4, other dissimilar properties of B. It may be that B is not A, precisely because it contains these other properties. But the fact that B is not A, does not prevent B from having been influenced by A. So too with early Christianity (B), which has certain features such as the Blessed Trinity, the Eucharist, and the redemptive death of Christ, which are responsible for the gulf between Christianity and Qumran spirituality (A). But do these elements preclude the possibility of direct or indirect contact between the two in other details?)

Basically, this book is superficial. Father Graystone criticizes Mr. Wilson's method "for its failure to give the ordinary reader a coherent picture of the Qumran sect *as a whole.*" That is true, yet his own attempt to treat his topic in the space of ninety-seven small pages of large print leaves much to be desired. Practically every issue discussed is far more complex than the author's treatment would lead the ordinary reader to suspect. The literature on the subject has been inadequately covered, especially that of Germany and America.

To cite but one example, let us take the author's discussion of the contrast between light and darkness in Qumran literature and the New Testament. He rightly recognizes that this is an important theme in both, but magnifies unduly the slight differences. Ultimately he would derive these figures from the Old Testament as a common source. Now it is true that the juxtaposition of these figures is found in the Old Testament. Even before the Qumran texts were found, Isaiah's use of light and darkness was cited as a possible source for the New Testament contrast. But the point to be noted is that this contrast has become *an important theme* in the New Testament, which must be related to the similar themes of truth-perversity, good-evil Christ-Belial. The novelty is the theme. When the Qumran texts were published, we learned that the same themes (except for the mention of Christ) had been used by this previously little-known Jewish sect. This discovery is important. For we have learned that we need not look beyond the Palestinian climate of opinion (*e. g.,* to Gnosticism or Greek philosophy) to illustrate this New Testament theme.

Underlying Father Graystone's argumentation is a confusion between the unique origin of Christianity and Christian origins. Those who use the latter term might, like Mr. Wilson, mean by it that Qumran is merely a phase in the historical development of Christianity as a world religion. But it is also possible to mean by that term that various influences were responsible for the character of Christianity, by no means excluding the uniqueness of its Founder. Catholic scholars, and they are many, who think that the tenets and practices of Qumran had a strong influence on nascent Christianity's formation list it as a major factor in the study of Christian origins.

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"Whatever is written [on the Dead Sea Scrolls] must still be of a somewhat provisional character," writes Father Graystone. At a time when so much material is still to be published, this point should certainly have been emphasized in the book.

Finally, "the candid reader," to whom Father Graystone addresses himself, should realize that this book represents the opinion of one man about the Scrolls—just as this review does. The magazine *Jubilee* (March 1956) printed excerpts of this book, labelling its résumé, "a Catholic view of the Dead Sea Scrolls." Thank heavens for the *indefinite* article!

New Heights

THE STORIES OF LIAM O'FLAHERTY. Introduction by Vivian Mercier. Devin-Adair. $5.

By DAVID H. GREENE

ONE has to peer through a magnifying glass at the one-inch Ordnance Survey map of the Aran Islands off the coast of Connemara to find the cluster of cottages which mark the village of Gortnagopple where Liam O'Flaherty was born in 1897. The people and the islands have changed little since then, despite both the flood of books written about them and the great documentary film, "Man of Aran." But life has not been so static for the author of these stories. From a seminary in Tipperary, to which he was sent at thirteen as a postulant for the priesthood, he went to Blackrock College, Dublin, and then to the diocesan seminary where he gave up the idea of becoming a priest and transferred to the National University. During World War I he was in the Irish Guards, saw action in France and was discharged with a disability pension. For the next few years he wandered over the world as seaman, was a lumberjack in Canada, laborer in a rubber factory in Watertown, Mass., and oyster fisherman off Long Island.

In 1925 he published *The Informer*—its "facts" taken, not out of Irish history, but from an account of a Communist insurrection in Germany— which Hollywood made into a famous movie. In 1930 he went to Moscow and wrote a book about this city. And if, at present, he has not gone back to Gortnagopple to live, he has at least returned to the language he spoke as a boy. After writing more than twenty-five books in English, O'Flaherty three years ago published a volume of stories in Irish which he had been commissioned to write for Radio Eireann. Two of these, "The Post Office" and "The Mirror," were turned into English, presumably by the author, so that they could appear in this collection with forty more selected from four previous volumes.

Although O'Flaherty has written stories faithfully and perceptively about the Irish peasant he knows so well, and one great novel about the Famine, many readers are inclined to think of him less as an interpreter of a phase of Irish life than as a student of violence and a writer of thrillers. His most notable characters have been people motivated by strong drives and hampered by limited intelligence—sadists, informers, revolutionaries and many kinds of fanatics. His interest in people who are somewhat less than human quite logically led him to animals, and he has developed a genre which may not be original but which he has made all his own—the short story with animal characters, a new bestiary.

In the ten which appear in the present collection, a young seagull learns to fly, a cow leaps madly off a cliff when she sees the carcass of her still-born calf being washed out to sea, a wounded cormorant is destroyed by his own mates, a wild goat fights a dog to the death to protect her kid, a hawk and his mate throw themselves at a man climbing down the face of a cliff after their eggs. This has been congenial material for O'Flaherty, one is tempted to think, because he hasn't had to deal with personality and because this is a way of writing about problems of loyalty and survival which, in O'Flaherty's view, differ little from those in human relationships.

But if the stories written in the forgotten language of his youth are not just a temporary success, they reveal new capabilities. Picture if you can, under the circumstances, the difficulty of writing "The Post Office." A young man and two girls, all wearing red trousers and espadrilles, emerge from a new Cadillac before a post-office in a small village in the wilds of Connemara. To the amazement of the natives, the man speaks flawless Irish. The two women speak French. The man explains to a confused postmaster, whose inability to use the telephone is a standing joke in the village, that he wants to send a telegram in Spanish. The message turns out to be a quotation from a poem of Garcia Lorca, which one of the girls recites to the applause of the villagers before the postmaster agrees to phone it to Galway, where nobody has Spanish and "some of them don't even know Irish properly." O'Flaherty has never before shown such happy dexterity.

In "The Mirror," a young girl who has fallen into the sea while gathering limpets lays her clothing on the rocks to dry so that she will not have to face the ridicule of the village if she goes home soaking wet. In describing the effect upon her of the vision of herself which she sees in a pool of water, O'Flaherty dramatizes with an art worthy of Maupassant an incident which has all the more meaning for being placed in rural Ireland. The creation of mood through the suggestive use of images—the sea contracting and expanding like a huge lung, sunlight on silken moss, the seaweed at one moment stretched out "like a red flounce on the ocean's green skirt" and at another "drawn down again by each recess and left naked against the black belly of the rock"—is a kind of poetic intensity one does not find in the most distinguished of O'Flaherty's earlier work. It's a delight to see one of the masters successfully turning an old hand to new tricks.

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The Premonition

THE TRAIN WAS ON TIME. By Heinrich Boll. Translated by Richard Graves. Criterion. $3.

By EDWIN KENNEBECK

A YOUNG German soldier boards in Paris of 1944 a train that is to take him back to his Army unit after a furlough. He has a sudden and certain intuition that he will die "soon." As the train takes him toward his station in Poland the premonition grows more precise, until at last he is convinced that he will die on the following Sunday morning, at a certain time, near a town with the odd name of Stryj.

The story is not about a man's "whole life" passing before his eyes in his last hours. A person in genuine danger is more likely to be aware of immediate sensations and needs than of general recollections, and though the soldier Andreas does think back into his past, he does so mainly in terms of simple pleasures that he does not expect to enjoy again, or in terms of the irony of his situation—"life goes on" even though he is probably going to die. To some degree he shares the feeling of the man in Myshkin's story in *The Idiot,* whose worst thought is that, though he is to be executed, the thousands looking at him are to stay alive; and he shares the perplexity of anyone who, thinking he might not see the end of a certain day, stares with puzzlement and outrage if he sees somebody playing a game, or laughing, or buying food for the next day. . . .

Andreas does not review his youth, his childhood; he does not even think about the leave he has just been spending in Paris. He remembers with love and longing the pretty eyes of a girl he saw for a brief moment at Amiens; remorsefully he thinks of an ugly prostitute whom he repulsed with a cruel laugh; he prays for the suffering Jews in all the towns of Germany and Poland. He says to himself—not with self-pity but with mild and tender melancholy—"God is on the side of the unhappy. Unhappiness is life. Pain is life." But later he thinks, "I have been ungrateful to Providence. I have denied the existence of human happiness." On Saturday night—he expects to die around six the next morning—he goes with two companions to a house of prostitution in Lvor, and passes the time in conversation with a Polish girl. They spend a strange, innocent night together, learning about one another's suffering. The girl tries a plan to help him and his companions run off, but the car they travel in takes them to Stryj, where Andreas' premonition is fulfilled.

Heinrich Boll cannot be said to "write as a German," unlike, for instance, Hans Werner Richter in *They Fell from God's Hands* or Albrecht Goes in *The Burnt Offering,* who give the impression of writing "on behalf of"—something, somebody. Boll writes about Germans suffering because of the war, but, in this novel as in his *Adam, Where Art Thou?* and *Acquainted with the Night,* he does not have to be judged by such unsuitable and disturbing criteria as threaten to interfere with one's judgment of those other writers. Although *The Train was on Time* appeared in Germany earlier (1949) than the other two novels of Boll that have been published in this country, it is at least as good. Like the other two, it is a work of fiction that is not apology or excuse or explanation; it is only art. By the paradox of art, it makes the best testimonial.

Serious Fable

A SINGLE PEBBLE. By John Hersey. Knopf. $3.

By R. T. HORCHLER

MR. HERSEY'S concern with current affairs has given way increasingly to an interest which can only be called mystical. And in continuation of this movement, his new novel is a quasi-religious document, the embodiment in simple fable of certain mystic truths.

The central character in *A Single Pebble* is a young American engineer who is sent to China to explore the possibilities of a Yangtze River power-project. The American's trip up the great river, by junk, becomes for him a Damascene experience. The Occidental scales fall from his eyes as he comes to know the river-god, the river-people who worship the god, and the travail which is the universal human lot. The story is as simple as that, but every detail of the experience is charged with grave symbolic import, and every incident serves as part of a great revelation.

On its primary levels, *A Single Pebble* is altogether successful. The account of the junk's progress up the river is utterly convincing, and a triumph merely as the communication of experience. The daily

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round of life aboard the junk is solidly established, and, despite the seeming littleness of incident, the narrative maintains extraordinary suspense and excitement. The most impressive achievement of the book, however, is in the description of the Yangtze: the spectacular and fearful beauty of roaring waters, the awesome heights and depths of cliffs and gorges, and—pitted endlessly against the power of the river—the Yangtze trackers, hauling the junks by towline in terrible, magnificent labor.

Mr. Hersey is rather less successful with characterization. His Chinese characters are colorfully, sympathetically, but superficially drawn. They are Su-ling, the sweetly submissive Oriental flower, sold by her parents into loveless marriage; the Old Big, her husband and the owner of the junk, avaricious, jealous, faintly comic; Old Pebble, the joyously primitive head tracker or "Noise Suppressor," who sang to his men on the towline to inspire them and "to suppress the groan-shout that marked each painful step." Less clearly realized even as a type is the narrator-hero, who is little more than a writer's device, a mouthpiece and focus of observation.

But the real deficiency of *A Single Pebble* is in the vagueness of its ideas. If Mr. Hersey is seriously repudiating Western rationality in favor of mysticism and non-thought, as he seems to be doing, he must deal with the question more thoroughly than he does here. As it is described, the episode in Wind Box Gorge, which furnishes the climax of the novel, is deeply affecting and susceptible of rich allegorical interpretation, but one soul-shaking event does not provide a philosophy of life. This is made clear by the triteness of the hero's philosophizing, which is so obvious and woolly that it dissipates the power of the experience he has undergone.

The ending of the book is similarly weak. After his spiritual upheaval, and having submitted to the desire of the river-spirit not to have a dam built, the American wanders lamely off-stage, apparently bound for home and more engineering. The only perceivable effect of his experience seems to be a vague feeling of uplift.

Nevertheless, the weaknesses of *A Single Pebble,* including occasional clumsiness and self-consciousness of style, are offset by undeniable strengths. Mr. Hersey has something serious to say here, and he makes his statement with beauty, power and great sincerity. *A Single Pebble* will sustain his position as, at least, a novelist to be reckoned with.

Heroic Witness

DYING WE LIVE! The Final Messages and Records of the Resistance. Translated by Reinhard C. Kuhn. Introductions by Reinhold Niebuhr and George N. Shuster. Pantheon. $4.50.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

FEW PEOPLE in these United States are even aware that there *was* a German Resistance, or that Hitler killed many Germans. If asked, the man-in-the-street would say, sure, Hitler massacred six million Jews. If asked about a non-Jewish opposition to Hitler, he would probably equate it with Communism, and would possibly concede that the Fuehrer had exterminated a few Communists up to the time of the Hitler-Stalin pact—and might add, "and a good thing too." But of the existence, during the whole ten years of Nazi rule, of the "other Germany," to which belonged generals, admirals, bishops, mayors, diplomats, labor leaders and men and women from all walks of life, he would be unaware, and incredulous.

This moving collection of last letters and messages is documentary evidence of that "other Germany." *Scripta manent*: what is written remains, and this evidence bears out the prescription of a great German writer, "write with blood, and you will learn that blood is life." These writings are indeed, as Dr. Niebuhr remarks in his introduction, a "revelation of the heroic heights to which the human spirit may rise when it is informed by grace." He

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goes on to say that "while there is a problem for the German nation about the guilt of having allowed the Nazi tyranny to come to power among them, it is fortunately true that the German people were also responsible for the lives and deeds of heroism and martyrdom in which the horrible evil was resisted." This is much. For one just man God spared Nineveh, and here is evident proof that even the greatest evil can, in God's Providence, serve to suscitate a matching good.

The men and women whose deathless witness is recorded here all stand out as religious. What binds them is the thing that binds, *re-ligio,* the Tao, the binding as of a book, yoga, the yoke, as on an ox—that binding thing which is the will of the human spirit to retain and to reflect the image of God in which it was made. Nor can any man unbind or erase that image and likeness from another, not by torture, nor by brain-washing, nor by death.

In the final analysis, each of the Resistance martyrs stood as Count Helmut von Moltke stood before Freising, "not as a Protestant, not as a landed proprietor, not as a nobleman, not as a German, but as a Christian and nothing else."

What flows out of these flowering pages is the happiness: here were gay, wholesome men and women, who loved and were loved. "A noble army, men and boys, the matron and the maid" as the doggerel hymn has it, and these were all singularly free from the sticky sentimentality that, alas, informs so much of German life and literature. Paul Schneider, the Protestant pastor; Bernard Lichtenberg, the prelate; Dietrich Bonhoeffer, theologian—they all write calmly, cheerfully. Dr. Johnson remarked that it composes a man wonderfully to know he is to be hanged next morning, and every single one of these letters proves this point.

Yet, too, how gravely these men accepted their own responsibility. For example, Count Schwerin von Schwannefeld in his will leaves directions that a "very high oaken cross" be raised "in my forest of Sartowitz" where the victims of the massacres of 1939 are laid to rest, with the following inscription: "Here lie from 1400 to 1500 Christians and Jews: may God have mercy on their souls and on their murderers." Adam von Trott finds time in prison to read the *Purgatorio* and *Maria Stuart;* with manacled hands Count von Lehndorff-Steinort writes his apology to his wife for having, in a frantic moment, tried to commit suicide.

Today, as one of the widows of these heroes told me, "our children are discriminated against by their teachers in school as the children of traitors and even the other children won't play with them." Another widow, left very badly off with many small children, mentioned the fact that the present German Government had tried to stop her pension on the ground that she and the other "Putsch" widows were the relicts of convicted traitors. Traitors, one wonders, to whom and to what?

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REVIEWERS

Father Joseph A. Fitzmyer, S.J., who has recently completed Oriental studies at Johns Hopkins, has written on the Dead Sea Scrolls for *Theological Studies.*

David H. Greene, on leave from New York University, is completing a biography of John Synge.

Edwin Kennebeck is a regular reviewer for this magazine.

R. T. Horchler is on the faculty of St. Peter's College.

Anne Fremantle is a contributing editor of The Commonweal.

Educational

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